THE LIBERATOR

"COMRADES LET US ALL UNITE."

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LABOR'S LONG STRUGGLE WITH CAPITAL

No. 14.

On the morning of July 19, the men of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, apparently without previous agreement, refused to take out any freight trains from Pittsburg. Not a freight train left the station that day. The men explained that their action was in consequence of the determination of the company to introduce what is known as "double-headers," a system by which the company dispenses with a large number of employes and increases the hours of others.

The men on this road already had their wages reduced 10 per cent commencing June 1st. A conference of the officials of the road was held but the officials refused to make any concessions; the management didn't want to make concessions, they wanted to teach the workers a lesson; they wanted to wanted a little blood letting. The militia had been ordered out and was under arms, but these preparations by the government did not intimidate the strikers nor deter them; on the contrary they expressed the greatest contempt for the military. At half past three in the afternoon Sheriff Fife, accompanied by a posse of fifteen men and supported by soldiers, started for the rendezvous of the strikers at the 8th street crossing. It had been agreed by the civil and military authorities that the sheriff was to attempt to arrest those whom warrants had been issued for. Resistance was expected. The sheriff and his men, followed by the military, marched along the railroad tracks to the depot, greeted with yells and jeers of the crowd. The military proceeded to clear the tracks and the sheriff to make the arrests. A vast crowd of strickers and sympathizers gathered. The sheriff made one arrest. Accounts differ as to what happened immediately afterward but it appears that without any act of resistance being attempted, the officer in command ordered his men to fire upon the people. Sixteen were instantly killed, and instantly the whole people were aroused and almost the entire population was in the streets. A large body raided the gunshops and ammunition stores. It is estimated that they seized two thousand guns, together with pistols, swords, knives — in all about $100,000 worth of arms and ammunition. The Philadelphia militia were beseiged in the round-house, and were waited upon by a committee of citizens and requested to leave the city, as their presence only tended to arouse the angry populace.

On Sunday morning, July 22, the people fired the trains in some of the buildings of the company. An attempt was made to storm the round-house in which the soldiers were besieged; a breach was made in the walls, but the populace were driven back by the fire of the soldiers. They then retired from the vicinity; the soldiers then marched out, and proceeded some distance before their departure was discovered. The people pursued and severe fighting ensued until the troops had reached Shaftsburg, beyond the Alleghany, from which place they marched twelve miles to Claramount.

One hundred and twenty-five locomotives and railroad buildings, to the value of about a million dollars, were destroyed by fire.

No private property of any kind, save arms and ammunition, was molested during the whole time of the disturbance. The Eastern states were not alone affected by this strike, the whole country being more or less affected by it.

"When the mutterings and demonstrations of discontent at Martinsburg, West Virginia, caused by a 10 per cent reduction in wages on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, belched forth a few days later in blood-shed and fire, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., with its frenzied populace on one side and its frightened retreating militia on the other, and from there swept across the entire continent, with such rapidity that within a few days the whole country was enveloped and presented a condition of social and industrial mutiny that overwhelmed and surprised in its spontaniety and extent the closest observers of economic development, it no longer permitted us, as Americans, to thank God—with our former vanity—that we are not like other nations. Pittsburg, with its sea of fire, caused by its burning freight cars, round-houses and depots, was the calcium light that illumined the skies of our social and industrial life, and revealed the pinched faces of the workers and populace, arrogance, and unscrupulousness of the rich."

The labor question, which up to this time was considered insignificant, rose to a grave and important problem. The strike reached Chicago in all its fury July 23. The members of the Workingmen's Party of the United States took advantage of this tidal wave of popular discontent, and called meetings for the purpose of presenting to an astonished populace the cause and the remedy of this general upheaval. July 25 we called a mass-meeting on Market Square, at which A. R. Parsons and John McAuliffe made the principle speeches. The city had been under the greatest excitement for several days, and the announcement of this meeting brought together at least 40,000 people. On occasions of great public excitement Albert R. Parsons was a host as a public speaker. His capacity at times like these to address himself to the feelings of the workers was something marvelous. The Inter-Ocean declared that the subsequent mischief during the strike in Chicago was all due to Parsons' speech.

The next evening another meeting was called at the same place, but was dispersed by the police, who demolished the speaker's stand into kindling wood and clubbed the unarmed workers right and left."—Geo. A. Schilling in *"Life of Albert R. Parsons.* L. E. P.

(Continued next week.)

MORE ABOUT THE NECKTIE PARTY

Girls, don't bring a small tie like you buy in the stores, but a large one to match your apron, and so you can make a

BEAUTIFUL, LARGE BOW

when you tie it on the gentleman's neck, and he will look just lovely!

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received the following pamphlets from England, and recommend them to all who are studying Anarchism:

Law and Authority — By Peter Kropotkin 10c
The Wage System—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
Anarchist Communism — By Peter Kropotkin 10c
The State—Its Historic Role—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
Anarchist Morality — By Peter Kropotkin 10c
Expropriation — By Peter Kropotkin 10c
Anarchism—Its Philosophy and Ideal —By Peter Kropotkin 10c
The Coming Revival of Socialism—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
An Appeal to the Young—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
War—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
The Commune of Paris 10c
Organized Vengeance Called Justice—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
The Superstition—By Peter Kropotkin 10c
Social General Strike. This pamphlet should be in the hands of every wage worker 5c
Evolution and Revolution—By Elisee Reclus 5c
History of the French Revolution—By C. L. James 60c

Order from The Liberator.

THE ANARCHIST SPEECHES

In No. 16 of The Liberator were commenced the publication of the speeches of the Anarchists, delivered in court in Chicago on Oct. 7, 8 and 9, 1887, when asked why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them. These speeches are their reply. It was their last message to the world and must prove interesting and instructive reading to the most prejudiced as well as the sympathetic. Instructive to the prejudiced-minded, because no person capable of clear reasoning powers can read these speeches and lay them down, and then, allowing the innermost recesses of his heart to speak, he must say, "Those men were innocent of the crime for which they suffered death." They were victims of class hatred.

ALBERT R. PARSONS' SPEECH.

(Continued from last week.)

But, you say, my speeches were sometimes extravagant, unlawful. During the discussion of the question of the extension of chattel slavery into the new territories, into Kansas and the west, while Charles Sumner was yet a member of the United States senate, and that gallant man stood as the champion of freedom upon that floor, he was expostulated with on one occasion and reprimanded by a friend who said to him: "Sumner, you are not expedient; you must have more policy about what you say, you should not express yourself in this manner; you should not be so denunciatory and fanciful against this enslavement. I know it is wrong; I know it should be denounced, but keep inside of the law; keep inside of the constitution."

Your honor, I quote from the speech of Charles Sumner, that great American, in answer and in reply to that remark. Said he: "Anything for human righs is constitutional. No learning in books, no skill acquired in courts, no sharpness in forensic dealings, no cunning in splitting hairs can impair the vigor thereof. This is the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." I never said anything that could equal that in lawlessness. Go, gentlemen of the prosecution, dig up the ashes of Sumner and scatter them in disgrace to the winds, tear down the monument that the American people have erected to his honor, and erect thereon some emblem of your contempt!

I will read you now an extract from the *Alarm*, a little editorial: "Any pretense called freedom, however loudly heralded, which does not bring peace, plenty and comfort to all the members of the human race, is a lie and a fraud on the face of it." Another expression from the *Alarm*—a little editorial: "A man gets rich by meanness and poor because he is generous. How long can we tolerate the vile system which rewards meanness and starves generosity?"

Your honor, one of the most startling facts in connection with this trial, this labor movement, and the general situation of affairs is to be found in the fact that during the last two or three years at least one-half of the large industrial establishments of the United States, the larger corporations, monopolies, and industries, have been conducted under military supervision. A startling fact this is. Amed men, armed guards, either the Pinkerton or the police, the police of the municipalities in the cities, or the militia of the United States army, as has been done in some cases, are supervising one-half of the industries of America, that is, the larger industries. It is a positive fact. Think of this! Who is doing this? Now, as an offset to this state of affairs, we find 1,200 delegates assembled in Richmond, Va., representing our American workingmen in the convention of the Knights of Labor. That congress, that organization is the reply which is being made by peaceable laborers to the rifle diet advice, the strychnine business, and the hand grenade business, and club business advice by the Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other large papers in this country. These men are assembled in self-defense. The conflict is the struggle between liberty and authority—authority in any and every form. Those who are in authority tell the workingmen that if they want to enjoy the law and the protection of the law, they must render a cheerful obedience to the law. Why a man, when he flogs his slave for disobedience, tells him the same thing. Your honor, according to your construction of sentence, or the reason you propose as a portion of the ground work upon which you expect to render your proposed sentence, you deny the right of Americans to defend themselves against the rifle diet, and to protest against these outrageous things; to object to the strychnine business. These are the things that have made us what we are. If there be any wrong in me I am the product of these conditions. I am the creature of circumstances; I am the effect of a cause. Now, where is that cause? What is that cause? But, if it comes to that, the right of free speech, the right of free press, the right of peaceable assemblage, and the right of self-defiance is denied to the workingman; if that is going to be denied us by the courts of law, what it going to be the result? Why, the workingmen will immediately say as a matter of necessity, "Why, of what use to us is the law? What is the constitution for? Of what value is it to us? It certainly must belong to somebody. Yes, it is used for somebody else's benefit and protection, not surely for ours." This will be the natural conclusion, inevitably.

There was no evidence produced to implicate me with the Haymarket bomb. Why, the evidence that was produced only touched two of us, only implicated two of us, and that evidence, as your honor must know, was paid for. Everybody knows it. Your honor knows it. Your honor does not credit that testimony of Gilmer. You cannot do it. It was overwhelmingly and irresistibly impeached. This man is the slender thread that connects two of us with the Haymarket affair. Now, what are the facts about this Haymarket affair? On Tuesday evening, May 4, several thousand persons, working people, assembled at the Haymarket to discuss their grievances, namely the eight hour strike, and the attack and killing of several workingmen by the police the day before. Those citizens, thus assembled in the peaceable exercise of free speech, free press, and public assembly under their constitutional rights, were upon the eve of adjourning, it being after 10 o'clock, when they were charged upon by 200 armed police, and under pain and penalty of instant death and wholesale slaughter, commanded to disperse, ordered like slaves to sneak and cringe and crawl away from the presence of their masters. Now, was not that an affront? Was not that a most grevious outrage? Was not that a violation of all those principles for which our forefathers struggled in this country? At this juncture some unknown and unproven person throws a bomb among the police, killing several men. You say that I did it, or you say I knew of it. Where is your proof, gentlemen of the prosecution? You have none. You didn't have any. Oh, but you have a theory, and that theory is that no one else could have had any motive to hurl that missile of death except myself, and, as is the common remark of the great papers of the city, the police are never short of a theory. There is always a theory on hand for everything. A theory they have got, and especially the detectives; they hatch out a theory at once and begin to follow that up. There was a theory carried out during this trial. Let us examine that theory. I say that a Pinkerton man, or a member of the Chicago police force itself, had as much inducement to throw that bomb as I had, and why? Because it would demonstrate the necessity for their existence and result in an increase of their pay and their wages. Are these people too good to do such a thing? Are they any better than I am? Are their motives any better than my own? Let us look at this thing from every standpoint. Perhaps, on the other hand, the dread missile was hurled in revenge by some poor man or woman, or child even, whose parent or protector or friend was killed by the police in some one of their murderous massacres of the people before. Who knows? And if it was, are we seven to suffer death for that? Are we responsible for that act? Or, might it not be that some person with the fear of death in his eyes threw that bomb in self-defence? And if they did, am I responsible for that? Am I to be executed for that? Is it law to put me to death for that? And who knows? My own deliberate opinion concerning the Haymarket affair is that the death-dealing missile was the work, the deliberate work of monopoly, the act of those who themselves charge us with the deed. I am not alone in this view of the matter.

Let me first of all call your attention to the pre-existing conspiracy of monopoly against the American people, which I believe culminated in the Haymarket there. I will give you now a brief outline or history of this great crime; of the principles of the long antecedent conspiracy on the part of the Chicago *Times* and *Tribune* to use hand grenades, recommending the rifle diet for strikers, and arsenic and strychnine for the unemployed, as the outcome of Gould's admonition in the New York *Tribune* that it is soon that American workingmen must prepare to submit to the the same wages as their European brethren, that of the coercive policy of the hand grenade and rifle diet. This all resulted from the deliberate attempt of corporations to pay interest and dividends on bonds and stock which were clear water without a speck of dye in it, and, to keep up these double, treble and sometimes quadruple payments above the actual cash valuation of all the existing capital and innumerable corporations which girdle and circulate the land, not only was production, transportation and telegraphic industry taxed four-fold, that it should bear in excess of ten per cent. upon actual cash cost, and this conducted on a contracted volume of money in order to enhance its purchasing power and usurious value, and enable them to dictate the price of labor and its products; but the greatest crime of all: congress framed a bill by which, when bankrupted the middle classes are brought to the verge of want by foreclosure of mortgages upon their farms. The managers of these corporations then turn their whole attention to the reduction of expenses, which follows as a direct blow at the wages of those by whose skill and labor the railroad, telegraph, and telephone, and other corporations do their work, knowing that the overcrowded labor market would compel their employees to accept their wages to supply their wants or starve. An industrial war follows, because the wage system enables monopoly to do these things. Now, upon this the wage question has its basis. The crisis was reached when organized labor struck against long hours on the 1st of May, 1886, following the protest in April of the 15,000 employees of Gould's Missouri railway system of the southwest against the wages of fifty-five and seventy cents a day to which Gould's corporation and Manager Hoxie had reduced the army of skilled railroad operatives; but these events were precipitated on the first by the massed labor unions, and the latter by the district assemblies of the Knights of Labor of the southwest. What was the issue? On railroad stocks alone on all the roads within the United States, at a cost of two billion dollars, there was a capitalization of six billions. Now, imagine the effect of this false and fictitious value of labor, for skill and labor alone give any value to the stocks and bonds and enable these monopoly inflationists to build up vast incomes on that which has merely cost the paper on which these false calculations were issued. The employees of these public institutions and their patrons cannot understand why these holders, owners, and issuers of fictitious stocks and bonds regard it as a crime to strike. That was an issue in 1877, and it is an issue now in 1886 between the monopoly inflationists who hold that a strike for higher wages, which also aims to prevent other labor avocations from accepting the meager wage doled out to labor, is a blow struck at the liberty of contract, which is the only means left them to realize dividends and interest on their fictitious wealth. Noble and sacrificing! These monopolists care nothing for liberty, but everything for the power to contract with competing starving laborers.

Now, your honor, the victims of these wrongs are numbered by the millions in the United States, one million of whom it is officially reported by the Labor Bureau are out of employment.

(Continued next week.)

FORCING A COAL STRIKE, AND WHY.

The public is not deceived by the action of the Illinois coal operators in forcing a strike of the miners. The play of the men controlling the output, the greater portion of which is consumed in Chicago, has been subtle and cunning.

When the miners were in session last month at Indianapolis legislative agents of the trust filled the lobbies of the hotels. To the general public they insisted that they did not want a strike. To those on the inside it was known that a general lockout, of all conditions then, was most desirable. The same is true today.

Millions of tons of bituminous coal are mined and unsold. The mildness of the winter has made tame the fuel market. Prices have fallen since the Christmas holidays. In Chicago, six weeks ago, coal was sold on side tracks at $1. This, of course, was a losing price.

With a general strike of the miners the demand for coal would instantly become sharp. Manufacturers and retail dealers of coal, refusing to take chances on the duration of a strike, would naturally begin laying in supplies. Thus, in a little while, the excess tonnage would be decreased to the normal spring and summer stock. And thus theoperators will have worked with marked cards, with the public as the real sufferers.

One of the operators has succinctly defined the position of the members of the trust: "We can settle with the miners any time," he said. "And when we have sold our excess output it is likely we will settle with them."

Meantime, and as in all cases since trusts have governed the country, it is the poor man who pays.—Ex.

Don't take undue advantage when you have the power to oppress. The tables might be turned some day and you will be under instead of above.

THE LIBERATOR

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Personalities will be rigidly excluded; we are working for the good of humanity at large.

All who send in communications for publication in The Liberator must send a self-addressed and stamped envelope, if they wish it returned, in case of rejection.

A CRUEL OUTRAGE!

One day last week an old man, 75 years and three months old, was sent from this city to the penitentiary; the sentence was "one year at hard labor." The old man's name is Moses Harmon, editor of "Lucifer." Mr. Harmon's work was very delicate, and also very unpopular with the "powers that be." He attempted to teach wholesome truths along sexual lines but never coarse, lude or degrading. But the government is determined that, so far as it can prevent it, the young shall be kept in dense ignorance of the laws governing the reproductive sphere of life. We admire the grand old man for his courage and fortitude—traits seldom found in one of his years. We hope to again grasp his unsteady hand and look into his noble eyes a free man, but we sadly doubt that we shall be accorded this pleasure. We fear that close confinement behind prison bars will finish his life's career, but we can have our consolation in knowing that it is to such noble souls as Moses Harmon that the world owes its progress. America will become wise enough, clean-conscienced enough some day to be proud that Moses Harmon lived, but alas, that time is not yet. So we say fare thee well, dear old friend, your work will some day be appreciated and your history will be written upon the hearts of emancipated womanhood!

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES—THEIR ORIGIN.

Who were the Molly Maguires? So much is said and written about them at the present time, and so little seems to be known of their origin, aims and objects, even by the labor press, who, aping the capitalist press, speak of them as "bands", thus implying that they were marauders or terrorists of some kind, composed only of murderers, whom the Pinkerton thug, McParland, broke up, getting a number of them hung, thus doing a great service to society at large.

Now, really, who were the Molly Maguires? Let us cross the ocean to the soil of Ireland to ascertain who they were. In the fifties and sixties, and into the seventies of the last century, every one at all familiar with history, is aware of the terrible conditions prevailing abong the masses in that landlord cursed country. They know how gaunt famine stared the people in the face, yet, the landlords exacted their very heart's blood. When the tenents couldn't pay rent for the abominable little shacks which they occupied, owing to their poverty, caused by the failure of crops, they were flung bodily out, together with their belongings upon the highways and, to prevent their entering the shanty, it was razed to the ground. A gang of fellows went along with the constabulary, carrying crowbars for the purpose of destroying the huts, just as soon as the families had been throwyn out. These men were caled the "crowbar brigade." On a certain day in 1866, a number of constables and the "crowbar brigade" started out on a mission of eviction; in the course of their rounds, they arrived at the shanty of a poor tenent by the name of Pat Maguire, and proceeded to throw his family out. Mrs. Maguire was in child-bed confinement, but this made no difference to the hard-hearted villians, they proceeded to throw her and the newborn baby out. This conduct enraged the neighbors so that they rallied to the aid of Maguire, beat the constables and the "crowbar brigade" off, and reinstated the man's sick wife and baby in the "home." From that time hence, all who opposed the encroachments of the landlord's hirelings were called "Molly Maguires."

Between the years, 1848 to about 1870, thousands of Ireland's "sons and daughters emigrated to America, until it was claimed that there were more Irish in this country than there were in Ireland.

Thousands of these immigrants found their way into the coal fields of Pennsylvania. Up to this time, the coal mines had been operated by Americans whose standard of life was higher than that of a lot of famine-stricken people. The Americans, for a time, made a feeble resistance to the encroachment, but the mine owners wanted cheap labor, regardless of nationality, the Americans had to go. In the course of a few years, a still cheaper class of labor began to find its way into the coal fields, viz., the Slavs, Hungarians and others from Southern Europe.

The Irish quite naturally objected to being thus displaced. They formed some kind of a Molly Maguire organization in the anthracite regions, for the puspose of keeping out those who were under bidding them in the labor market, and, in a measure, they were succeeding; this enraged the capitalists, but they did not seem able to get into the councils of the "Molly Maguires", so they employed McParland (who is just now posing as a great factor in running to earth, "conspiracies," in Colorado and Idaho.) This McParland, went into the coal mines as a miner. For two years he worked with the miners as one of them; the illustrated book, issued by the Pinkertons some years ago, showed him as chief mourner at the funerals, best man at the weddings, a swell fellow with the girls, a hail fellow well met with the men; drinking whiskey from the same bottle, and all the time weaving strands of rope that were to hang them! At last a number of the most active men were arrested. McParland produced his "evidence", a capitalist jury did the rest. 33 miners were executed, 13 in one day, the men having no organization to defend them, were soon frightened into slavery, where they remained for a quarter of a century or more, or until the rise and strength of the United Mine Workers of America. Such in brief is a history of the "Molly Maguires," which was an organization (if organization it could be called), attempting in a poor, weak, stumbling way, to combat the greed of capital, and such, also, is a brief story of the past villiany of the villian McParland, who now turns up to swear away the lives of other innocent men, Moyer, Haywood and their comrades. With such a hardened, conscienceless wretch as this McParland arrayed against them, backed up by the unlimited means of the Mine Owners Association and the state of Idaho, the accused men will have a hard fight for their lives, they will need lots of money—many thousands of dollars. The Liberator begs all lovers of justice and fair play, regardless of party or creed, to send as much money as they can possibly spare, to John M. O'Neil, Pioneer Building, Denver, Colorado.

L. E. P.

WHY I AM IN FAVOR OF THE LIBERATOR.

DEAR COMRADE PARSONS:—

Repeatedly I was asked from old and young Comrades whether I was in favor of THE LIBERATOR. My answer was frankly: "Yes." Then they said: "Why?" They claim THE LIBERATOR is not an Anarchistic paper, and that it contains only old stories. Well, I wish to say this is not my opinion. I consider THE LIBERATOR very good as an Anarchistic publication, and a very good one too. What there is in the "old stories," I believe there is nothing old in the Anarchistic movement except the mistakes, which were made in the beginning of our movement. That we consider those mistakes as such, and that we are willing to leave them behind us, is only for the good of our cause.

If some of the "olden time" Comrades say the paper is not revolutionary enough, it seems to me they have a very false understanding of the word "revolutionary." As I take it, it does not mean that one should bluster around and cry, "there must be a revolution" at every unhappy occasion; it does not mean that one must manufacture bombs or carry a dagger in his hip pocket; it is not necessary that one waves the red flag at every unfavorable time. As I understand it, it means that we tell the people that there is no hope for a peaceful solution of the social conditions of today and that *man* should be able to know what they have to do, if a social revolution strikes us.

I judge THE LIBERATOR very high against some of the former English publications, and I have the conviction that it is a good mediator between the great masses and the great Ideal of Anarchism. To bring questions before the low uneducated masses, which they don't understand and which they will not understand is a useless undertaking, that makes pessimists or cranks. What we need especially in this country is that publications and pamphlets should be in a very plain language, without provocations, and without sensations. As such I consider THE LIBERATOR, and therefore I appeal to all Comrades to stand by it, and help to build up a good solid foundation, so it never will be in the position to cease publication. The Anarchistic movement in this country is not very strong, especially among the Americans. We have German, Polish and Bohemian publications, existing for many years, but with the English papers it has always been a hard struggle to keep them in existence. Therefore it is not only wrong, but is injustice to our cause, to split the forces and go in different directions. At the same time I wish to say that I never was of the opinion that there is no necessity for English anarchist papers in this country. I wish there could be one in every city. It is simply foolish to say that America is made up of foreigners, and that for this reason it is not a necessity to have English papers. The one who talks that way is either selfish or ignorant, because if the Americans should wait till the foreigners lead a successful revolution in this country they wil lhave to wait very long. Those whom we have to teach are the young, and those we can only reach with good English publications. Therefore, again, comrades, stand together.

OTTO HERRMANN.

A STORY

By Lizzie M. Holmes.

(Continued from last week.)

A car stopped on the corner, and a man alighted and came across the street to speak to the girl. He was coarse looking and loudly dressed, but he spoke to her in a smooth, gentle voice. She seemed to shrink from him instinctively, and the brother would have pushed the man away, but he could not make himself felt in the least. The girl seemed to make an effort to overcome her repugnance and the two walked on together unconscious of the other presence. They reached a big, dilapidated looking rooming house at last, and the man urged her to come down presently and go out somewhere to supper and to the theater afterward. The girl hesitated with a frightened look in her eyes. Then she remembered she was hungry, and that her room upstairs was ugly and dull, and she smiled and consented. And the helpless looker-on, who would have knocked the man down if he could, only followed her up two weary flights of stairs and into a little room at the end of a hall. It contained a cot, a trunk, one chair, a wash stand with a broken nosed pitcher and a cracked wash bowl, a little table and a curtain of calico which hung across one corner of the room indicated the wordrobe. If the truth were known, it also hid a tiny oil stove, and the lingering odor of cooking, which the landlady was not to know anything about. There was soon enough in the middle of the floor to stand in and even to turn around in when necessary. A few prints and photographs were pinned on the wall, and a pretty pasteboard box with a well-bound little Old Testament lay on the table.

The girl hastily washed, combed her hair and put on a worn but well-cared for gray dress which fitted her nicely, and when she had placed a plain but neat little hat above her wavy brown hair she looked quite pretty.

The unseen man looked on feeling that he could show no sign of his love and sympathy, and he groaned in spirit. He tried to impress her not to go out with that man, but he could not make himself felt. Yet something affected her, for she stopped and looked at her face in the glass very seriously. Then she turned to the little table and opened the Testament lying there. It had her mother's name in it, and it fell open at the Lord's prayer. "Lead us not into temptation," she read, and pronounced the words over and over again. Then she sat down and took off her hat very slowly, and place the shabby gloves she had been about to draw on, in the crown. Someone from far below called out, "A gentleman to see you, Miss!" She answered that she was not well and that she could not go out. After a moment's pause the voice called again:

"He says come down jest a minute—he wants to speak to you."

"Tell him I cannot—I will not," and she slammed the door shut and turned the key in the lock. Now, how rejoiced was the unseen spectator! How he longed to comfort her, to take her out himself and load her with good and beautiful things! But he could do nothing but watch her.

He knew she was hungry, but she dared not go down in the street for fear the man might still be waiting about. She removed her gray dress and put on an old print wrapper and a run-down pair of slippers. She looked in her trunk and found a tin box which contained a few crumbs of crackers and a bit of cheese, which she ate greedily. Then she sat at the table and played "solitaire" with an old, worn deck of cards. After tiring of this amusement, she studied her face in the glass awhile and masaged the wrinkle that showed across her forehead. She yawned and finally went stupidly to bed. His dear, sweet sister! And so lonely, so weary, so hungry and so dull! He could have given years of his life to have been able to give her a little joy. Yet he was powerless.

There seemed to be a break in his consciousness, for when he next looked on the girl it seemed to be the next day. He saw that she had spent some of her twenty-five cents for a bottle of shoe dressing to hide the shabines of her shoes and that she was living on a couple of stale loaves of bread that she had got cheap at the bakery. He was proud of her and longed, oh, how earnestly, to help her! For how long would she withstand temptation in her lonely, ugly room with her body and soul-hunger and her youthful craving for some of the joys of life?

He lost himself for a time, and when again conscious he found himself in a brilliantly lighted room with tables around which merry parties were gathered. The room was dazzling with mirrors and from behind some palms, gay, beautiful music floated out. A gay group of men and women were seated around a table in the far end of the apartment eating and drinking, and their merry voices in song and laughter betokened "a good time." The girl the girl he was so interested in, who seemed to be his sister though it was so impossible, was there and her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed and her laugh rang out lightly. One of the man had an arm across the back of her chair, as he regarded her with passionate ardor. Presently the party arose and the girl could scarcely stand on her feet; the man at her side threw an arm around her and drew her half relucant, half yielding form toward the door with him. The unseen tried with all his might to pull her back, to speak to her, to warn her for God's sake not to go away with that man. But he could not make himself heard or felt, and with wild grief saw her pass out into the night and the darkness.

It seemed to him that there was another long break in his consciousness of what was happening. When he came to himself again he seemed to be in a wretched part of the city where besotted men and women and miserable children huddled together in filthy basements, celars and dilapidated shacks; and the flickering lights showed a ghastly face or a shrinking ragged form or a slinking figure on evil bent, in every nook and corner. Coarse voices shouted out vile epithets or shrieked in fear or anger, or rang out in ribald laughter. He heard blows and groans behind a broken door, and as he would have tried to enter, it opened and a brute of a man kicked a woman into the street with a terrible oath. She fell on the sidewalk and sat there for some moments, a bruised, miserable wreck of a woman, but through the matted hair straggling over her face, he could see it was the changed, haggard, hardened countenance of the young girl—his sister! Horrified, he hurried to her side to help her to her feet, forgetting he could not make his presence felt. She struggled up by herself presently and staggered toward a man who was approaching and said something to him. The man turned and beckoned to a policeman who was coming about half a block away. He approached, grabbed the woman by the arm and bade her roughly to "come along." The man who was seeing all this himself unseen tried to stop him, tried to scream out that he would care for the woman if he would not drag her to a cell, tried to force back the officer—all in vain. And in his frantic struggle and agony of mind he suddenly awoke and found himself battling with a pillow that had fallen over his face. The fire was low and the room shadowy and chilly. But he remembered that it was all a dream and that the morrow yet lay before him. The young girl was yet safe and he had it in his power to save her and many like her. He could have shouted in his joy. He would go to-morrow and tell Mr. Garren to pay the girls all the business would possibly allow, and he would devote himself to finding pleasant, comfortable and safe homes for them with kind and wise women to look after them. He would begin to save girls at the beginning of their career and not wait to build "homes" for them after they had "fallen." And in this resolution he was happier than he had ever been in his life.

LOVE, THE MEASURE OF THE VITAL ENERGIES OF A PEOPLE.

(By Max Nordau.)

But if the economical organization of the world is the principle falseness of the institution of matrimony, it is, however, not the only one. A large share of those for the opposiiton between subsistance and between love and marriage and for the frequent conflicts between natural sentiment and conventional constraints, is due to the prevailing conception of morality, which is a consequence of Christianity. This morality considers the act of generation an odious crime; it covers its pace before it as before an abomination, when at the same time it does not preclude a stolen glance, and it lays upon everything which has the slightest connection with the sexual life, or even calls it to remembrance, the ban of timorous silence. This is monstrous, it is unprecedented. This system of morality could not last an hour if it were not that in private all human beings, all without exception, set it aside as tranquilly as if it did not exist. It has not the smallest natural foundation and therefore not the faintest shadow of justification.

Why should organic functions, the most important of all by far, because its purpose is the perpetuation of the species. Why should it be less decent than the preservation of the individual? Why should eating and sleeping which are openly practical, spoken of and acknowledged, be legitimate, while generation is a sin and a disgrace which cannot be sufficiently concealed and denied? Is not puberty the crowning point of development of the individual, and its own reproduction its highest triumph and most glorious manifestation? All living beings, plant as well as animals, consider procreation the most sublime act of all their vital energies and summon nature with pride to be a witness of it, the flowers with their brilliant colors and fragrance, the birds, "warbling sweet the nuptial lay," the firefly with its brilliant ray of light, the maniferious animals by the roars and growls of their woings and the fury of the rival combats. Man alone is ashamed of his most powerful instinct and conceals it like a crime.

To be sure, man has not been of this opinion in all ages. Tarluffe has not been always his guide in ethical matters. I do not refer to man in a state of nature but in a condition of high civilization. A civilization, abundant intellectually and morally profound, whose ideality far surpassed that of our modern civilization—the civilization of India and Greece—considered the relations between the sexes from a natural and unprejudiced point of view; it held the human form divine in equal estimation, without seeing anything more indecent in one organ than another; it had no bashfulness in regard to the nude, consequently could behold it with a pure eye, without any corrupt secret thoughts. It saw in the union of individuals of opposite sexes, the sacred designs of reproduction alone, which consecrated this act as necessary and sublime, thus preventing the possibility of unworthy suggestions and trains of thought in a normal and ripened intellect. The Indian as well as the Greek civilization had not obscured and perverted this elementary trait in man like our own civilization, and therefore was still penetrated with the natural admiration and gratitude for the process which is the source of all life through the whole universe, the process of reproduction. It paid honors to the organs which involved in this vital action, it placed representations of them as symbols of fruitfulness in the temples and public dwellings. Invented special deities to personify propagation and paid them a worship which did not degenerate into gross and purposeless sensuality until the later periods of moral decay. Surrounded by symbols which excited their curiosity, the young could not be brought up in that unhabitual ignorance which is one of the chief aims of modern training; as the reason was permitted to comprehend the phenomena of the sexual life from the moment to take an interest in them, the imagination was not set morbidly to work, thus finding its way into wrong and dangerous paths; that which lay open to the eyes of all did not have the charm of secret and forbidden fruit, so that the unprejudiced enlightened youth of this ancient civilization was more morally pure and less infected by premature desires than the young of our own day, who, in spite of the anxious pains taken to preserve it, cannot be raised in that ignorance considered so salutary, but obtain their knowledge secretly from the most polluted sources, poisoning the mind and deranging the nervous system.

(Continued next week.)

An architect remarked to a lady that he had been to see the great nave in the new church. The lady replied, "Don't mention names; I know the man to whom you refer!"—Sacred Heart Review.

When an employer makes a move to better his condition he is a "wise business man," but when his employe does the same thing he is an "agitator."

NOW FOR THE

NECKTIE PARTY

THE FUNNIEST, MOST UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT THE LIBERATOR HAS EVER GIVEN.

Every gentlemen is to have a beautiful new tie. Every lady attending will please bring an apron for herself and a tie to match. When they are all in the fun is to begin. The Necktie party will be held at 55 N. Clark St., in Union Hall, Saturday evening, March 10. Good music and a fine programme are on the list. Don't fail to attend.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

By Clarence S. Darrow.

Jane Lewis was sixty years old before her life's ambition was fulfilled. But this was not so very bad. Many people live still longer and then lie down and die before their dreams come true.

Jane Lewis' ambition had not been a great one—it could not be, for she was only a woman, and a very ordinary one at that. All her life she had wanted to own a home, to have the deed in her own name, so that nothing, not even adversity, could drive her out. She had married when only a little past twenty, and had planned and saved in her small way until the great event had come to pass. When she at last placed the deed safely in her bureau drawer she somehow felt that she was just beginning life.

The forty years of waiting and saving had slipped so quietly away that she hardly knew that they had come and gone. And while her hair was white and her figure bent and her face wrinkled, still the years had stolen so softly upon her that she seemed to feel that she was once called Jennie, then Jane and now Aunt Jane, but the names had so gently blended together that she never knew when the last had been completely left behind.

She had married John Lewis in her young womanhood, and she loved him with the love of the commonplace woman for the man who gives her the first caress. As the years pasesd by, her affection had grown from love of habit. She had never even dreamed of the possibilities of any other person in the chair where her husband sat.

John was almost a common laboring man; he had worked at the stockyards, in the railroad warehouse, in the shipping department of wholesale stores, and in the later years of his life had been a night watchman in a factory out on the West Side. Left to himself, he would never have saved even the amount necessary to buy a cottage, but he was industrious and frugal and let his wife take charge of what he got.

Jane carefully hoarded the little margin that was left above the necessities of life, and from time to time put her small accumulations into a saving bank to keep them for the longed-for home. Once the bank had failed and she was compelled to begin anem. Then she bought a small amount of stock in a building association, and month by month took her little savings to the office and waited with all the inborn patience of the poor to see it grow. Finally she had enough. Then she bought a cheap lot out at the frayed edge of the town, just where the city leaves off and the prairie begins. This cost four hundred dollars. For two thousand more she built a little cottage with a parlor, dining room and kitchen below, and a half-story with three small bedrooms and two large closets above. She watched almost every brick as it was put in place, until the cottage stood out before her eyes a real and living thing. In the front room was an oak mantle with a big square mirror on the top, and then she got a brand new set of parlor furniture—settee, easy-chair, rocking chair and two lesser chairs with large, white oak frames and staring upholstered seats and backs.

But the pride of all the house was a real porcelain bathtub and a cement cellar floor, although even these were forgotten in a pathetic little evergren tree that she planted just in front of the large plate glass window which shone so brightly from the street.

Then she and John moved in, thirty-eight years to a day from the time that the minister filled out the certificate which proved that they had a right to live as man and wife.

It was in the early fall that they found themselves for the first time beneath their own castle from which no man might drive them out.

But when the springtime came around John lay wearily down upon his new oak bed and died. So Aunt Jane picked out the cheapest lot in the cemetery, a little dot of yellow, ten feet square, and agreed to pay two hundred and fifty dollars in monthly installments to the solemn, long-faced wolf who managed the association that had bought the ground a year before for two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. Then she bought a coffin for eighty dollars that cost the undertaker fifteen, and picked out a small headstone, the largest the lot would hold, for which she agreed to pay seventy-five dollars. The headstone was worth about twenty. Then she hired some carriages and tearfuly followed him to the great white yard and buried John's remains in the ground.

She had not bargained over the funeral trappings—women are not shrewd dealers, especially women who are buying the burial equipments for the man with whom they have lived for nearly forty years. And then, too, she knew that his funeral was the last thing she could ever do for John.

After the funeral she went back to the grand, new cottage. It was not much changed, but it seemed large and empty and still and lonely, and the little round clock ticked as loudly as a trip-hammer and the trilling of the yellow canary filled the whole house with its sharp piercing notes.

Well, this story is about a lawsuit, and John is dead and out of the way and we must hurry on. It was about ten days after the funeral that a man called at the house. He told Jane very kindly that he had heard of her husband's death and that he thought she might now like to sell her house. She sat with her hands hanging listlessly in her lap and looked up above the mirror over the mantle at a red and green yarn motto bordered with rustic black walnut frame, a motto which she had worked twenty years ago. In spite of all its elaborate decorations she could plainly read the words "God Bless Our Home." She read the words over slowly and mechanically and looked around the parlor at the grand furniture and said she did not want to sell her house. He then told her that the railroad was coming and if she did not sell it they would take it, and it would be much cheaper to settle without trouble and expense. Then he offered her a thousand dollars, then fifteen hundred, and finally two thousand for the place. She refused these offers and he went away.

Then, of course, there was nothing left to do but to see a lawyer She had met one of these some years ago in connection with a matter growing out of the failure of the savings bank. So she dressed herself carefully, put on her widow's weeds, went down town through the crowded streets into the great, bewildering buildings, where she found the lawyer on the fifteenth floor. Aunt Jane told him that she did not want to sell her home, but the lawyer explained that this made no difference; they could take it, no matter whether she wished to sell or not. He explained that a railroad was supposed to be operated for the benefit of the public, and therefore private property could be taken for railroad purposes even against the owner's will. She did not see why this could be, but, of course, she did not argue it.

All her life she had taken the word of those who were better dressed and had more money than herself. So she told him to do what was necessary, asked him about his price, which he said would be fifty dollars a day for the time spent in court and twenty-five dollars a day for the time spent in preparation, and then she went away. John used to work for forty dollars a month, and yet she did not seem so very much impressed at the difference in the wages of the man who works and the man who does not work. Somehow poor people do not seem surprised at this.

Aunt Jane had always heard a great deal about the law's delay, and she had no thought that there would be any hurry about giving up her home. But in ten days more she received a letter from her lawyer that she must come at once. When she went to the office he explained that when a railroad company wished to take a piece of property the courts put aside all other business and gave them first place, the same way that every train on the road is sidetracked when the limited wants the right of way. The lawyer explained thae she must "hire" some witnesses. This seemed strange. She had never thought of "hiring" witnesses, but the lawyer said that in a case of this sort experts must be called to place a value on her home. So she again said all right; he must do all that needed to be done.

When the case was called the road insisted the cases of about a mile of property should be tried at one. Jane's lawyer protested. He told the judge that this would take so long that it would cost as much as the little home was worth. But the judge said that the company should not be put to the trouble of trying each case by itself. So ten defendants with as many lawyers and twice as many witnesses were brought into court at once. Aunt Jane sat down meekly inside the rail, wearing her widow's weeds. Mourning clothes are always appropriate in court.

The lawyer for the company took nearly a week to get a jury; then he called nine "expert" witnesses to prove the value of the property. Most of them said that Jane's was worth about a thousand dollars. tI was in a poor neighborhood; the house was well built, but was not suitable for the place, it was only a factory district, and if John had been wise he would never have built the house. All these witnesses had been engaged in the business of perjury for years. The lawyers knew it, the judges knew it, everyone knew it; but still they plied their trade. Jane's witnesses crowded the truth; they swore that the cottage was worth from $3,500 to $4,000, but her lawyer explained that the jury was apt to split the difference."

Then Jane went feebly up to the stand. As she sat down she felt as nervous as a victim strapped in a death chair and waiting for the lighting to be turned on. She did, however, manage to tell about the price of the lot and the cost of the house, about the porcelain bathtub, the oak mantle, the cement cellar floor, the sickly pine tree that she had planted in front of the big plate glass. Every time she tried to say something the lawyer stopped her and the judge seemed to get very angry, especially when she kept telling what "John said." Then the lawyers began to talk, and this lasted three days more.

Finally, at the end of the thirtieth day, the jury went out. Jane waited nervously to hear her fate. They came in at last and decided that she was to get twenty-five hundred dollars. Of course she was disappointed—everyone is who "goes to law." But the lawyer said she had better take the money and drop the case. So she told him to figure up the expenses and she would move away.

The lawyer had spent thirty days in court, to say nothing of preparation, but he could not bring himself to take full pay, so he told her that $1,000 would do for him. Then there was $200 for expert witnesses, $200 more for court reporters and about $50 for small items of expense. They figured it all over. She objected to nothing. She did not really think much about it any more. It seemed to be something like John out there in the little square spot of ground—it was finished.

A few days later Jane came down town again. Her lawyer noticed that she was a little paler than usual, but as quiet and uncomplaining as she had always been. He made out the miserably small check, which was due her and placed it in her hands. Then a lump arose in his throat as he looked at her meek, straight, clean and uncomplaining.

"Mrs. Lewis, I am very sorry that this is not more, but I don't see how it could have been helped. Have you decided what you will do?"

"Yes," she answered: "I have been looking around. My husband's funeral expenses left me in debt, but I can pay for a place in the Old Ladies' Home with what is left, I think I can sell my furniture at auction for enough to bury me when I am done. You see, we have a lot in the graveyard and there is room enough for my name on John's headstone."

There was really nothing more to tell, and in a few minutes more she went away.

The next week the auction was over and Aunt Jane had her small belongings packed in a trunk and a box sent to the "Home." Then she took her bird-cage and her old yarn motto, "God Bless Our Home," and started to a car. A little later she walked up the great white stone steps of the red brick "Home." Above, on the porches, a number of old women were rocking in their little chairs. They were sewing dresses and darning stockings, and now and then looking meekly down at the people in the street. Jane passed in through the double doors, went to the little office in the hall and gave her name. They seemed to be expecting her to come.

A girl was called, a key placed in her hands and she was told to show Mrs. Lewis to her room. The old woman walked slowly up the curving stairs, passed down a long hall with rows of doors, each having a little square tin with gilt numbers fastened near the top. They stopped when "15" was reached, the girl placed the key in the door, turned the lock, opened it and went away. Aunt Jane stepped feebly in. The room was about the size of the little lot where she had bid John good-bye. She set the bird-cage on the painted washstand, laid the motto on the little chest of drawers, put her bonnet and black veil carefully on the straight-backed, cane-seated chair and softly closed the door. Then she staggered to the narrow iron cot and sank down upon the smooth, white spread and without any further effort to control herself she sobbed and cried like a little child.

PROGRAM for Necktie Party!

1. AUCTION OF NECKTIES.
2. SINGING BY LADIES' SOCIETY FORTSCHRITT.
3. RECITATION BY MR. CANTOR.
4. SONG BY MISS SCHOOLMAN.
5. GERMAN CHOIR SONG.
6. SINGING BY FRENCH QUARTET.
7. SINGING BY LADIES' SOCIETY FORTSCHRITT.
8. SINGING BY DEBATING CLUB SINGERS.
9. GRAND NECKTIE MARCH.
10. NECKTIE QUADRILLE!

TWO WELL ATTENDED MEETINGS.

Two very important meetings were held in this city last Sunday, March 4th, for the purpose of protesting against the outrage committed in the name of law and order in the state of Colorado, in the imprisonment of Chas. Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone; and also to raise money for their defence. Both meetings were successful. In Apollo Hall the Industrial Workers of the World held their meeting. The speeches were earnest, fervent and to the point, showing the speaker had a grasp of the situation and understood thoroughly the conspiracy of the Mine Owner's Association. The hall was packed to suffocation. The audience was serious and responsive and showed plainly that they understood the gravity of the occasion which had brought them together—the weighing in the balance of human life. The collection netted $200. This was a good showing and such meetings must be kept up for a long time yet. It will need a great deal of agitation and money to save our brothers from the gallows, which the capitalists are erecting to hang them upon.

The other meeting was arranged by the Socialist Party and was held at 27 N. Clark St. The speeches were also good and to the point. The collection was $49.

Every lady will please bring an apron for herself and a necktie to match to our party, March 10th, at 55 N. Clark St. Lots of fun!

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES ADOPTED BY THE ANARCHISTS' CONGRESS, HELD IN PITTSBURG, PA.

To the Workingmen of America.

Fellow-Workmen: The Declaration of Independence says:

"* * * But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them (the people) under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such Government and provide new guards for their future security."

This thought of Thomas Jefferson was the justification for armed resistance by our forefathers, which gave birth to our Republic, and do not the necessities of our present time compel us to reassert their declaration?

Fellow-workmen, we ask you to give us your attention for a few moments. We ask you to candidly read the following manifesto issued in your behalf; in behalf of your wives and children; in behalf of humanity and progress.

Our present society is founded on the exploitation of the propertyless by the propertied. The exploitation is such that the propertied (capitalist) buy the working force, body and soul, of the propertyless, for the price of the mere cost of existence (wages), and take for themselves (i. e., steal) the amount of new values (products) which exceeds the price, whereby wages are made to represent the necessities instead of the earnings of the wage-laborer.

As the non-possessing classes are forced by their poverty to offer for sale to the propertied their working forces, and as our present production on a grand scale enforces technical development with immense rapidity, so that by the application of an always decreasing number of human working force an always increasing amount of products is created; so does the supply of working force increase constantly, while the demand therefore decreases. This is the reason why the workers compete more and more intensely in selling themselves, causing their wages to sink, or at least on the average never raising them above the margin necessary for keeping intact their working ability.

Whilst by this process the propertyless are entirely debarred from entering the ranks of the propertied, even by the most strenuous exertions, the propertied, by means of the ever-increasing plundering of the working class, are becoming richer day by day, without in any way being themselves productive.

If now and then one of the propertyless class become rich it is not by their own labor, but from opportunities which they have to speculate upon and absorb the labor product of others.

With the accumulation of individual wealth the greed and power of the propertied grows. They use all the means for competing among themselves for the robbery of the people. In this struggle generally the less-propertied (middle class) are overcome, while the great capitalists, par excellence, swell their wealth enormously, concentrate entire branches of production, as well as trade and inter-communication, into their hands, and develop into monopolies. The increase of products, accompanied by simultaneous decrease of the average income of the working mass of the people, leads to so-called "business" and "commercial" crises, when the misery of the wage-workers is forced to the extreme.

For illustration: The last census of the United States shows that after deducting the cost of raw material, interest, rents, risks, etc., the propertied class have absorbed—i. e., stolen—more than five-eighths of all products, leaving scarcely three-eighths to the producers. The propertied class being scarcely one-tenth of our population, and in spite of their luxury and extravagance, are unable to consume their enormous "profits," and the producers unable to consume more than they receive—three-eighths so-called "overproductions" must necessarily take place. The terrible results of panics are well known.

The increasing eradication of working forces from the productive process annually increases the percentage of the propertyless population, which becomes pauperized and is driven to "crime," vagabondage, prostitution, suicide, starvation, and general depravity. This system is unjust, insane, and murderous. It is, therefore, necessary to totally destroy it with and by all means, and with the greatest energy on the part of every one who suffers by it and who does not want to be made culpable for its continued existence by his inactivity.

Agitation for the purpose of organization; organization for the purpose of rebellion. In these few words the ways are marked which the workers must take if they want to be rid of their chains. As the economic condition is the same in all countries of so-calleld "civilization;" as the Governments of all Monarchies and Republics work hand in hand for the purpose of opposing all movements of the thinking part of the workers; as, finally, the victory in the decisive combat of the proletarians against their oppressors can only be gained by the simultaneous struggle along the whole line of the bourgeois (capitalistic) society—so, therefore, the international fraternity of people as expressed in the International Working People's Association presents itself a self-evident necessity.

True order should take its place. This can only be achieved when all implements of labor, the soil and other premises of production—in short, capital produced by labor—is changed into societary property. Only by this prerequisite is destroyed every possibility of the future spoliation of man by man. Only by common, undivided capital can all be enabled to enjoy in their fullness the fruits of the common toil. Only by the impossibility of accumulating individual (private) capital can everyone be compelled to work who makes a demand to live.

This order of things allows production to regulate itself according to the demand of the whole people, so that nobody need work more than a few hours a day, and that all nevertheless can supply their needs. Hereby time and opportunity are given for opening to the people the way to the highest possible civilization; the privileges of higher intelligence fall with the privileges of wealth and birth. To the achievement of such a system the political organizations of the capitalistic classes—be they Monarchies or Republics—form the barriers. These political structures (States), which are completely in the hands of the propertied, have no other purpose than the upholding of the present disorder of exploitation.

All laws are directed against the working people. In so far as the opposite appears to be the case, they serve on one hand to blind the worker, while on the other hand they are simply evaded. Even the school serves only the purpose of furnishing the offspring of the wealthy with those qualities necessary to uphold their class domination. The children of the poor get scarcely a formal elementary training, and this, too, is mainly directed to such branches as tend to producing prejudices, arrogance, and servility; in short, want of sense. The capitalistic press, on the other hand, takes care of the confusion of spirits in public life. All these institutions, far from aiding in the education of the masses, have for their object the keeping in ignorance of the people. They are all in the pay and under the direction of the capitalistic classes. The workers can therefore expect no help from any capitalistic party in their struggle against the existing system. They must achieve their liberation by their own efforts. As in former times a privileged class never surrendered its tyranny, neither can it be expected that the capitalists of this age will give up their rulership without being forced to do it.

If there ever could have been any question on this point it should long ago have been dispelled by the brutalities which the bourgeois of all countries—in America as well as in Europe—constantly commit, as often as the proletariat anywhere energetically move to better their condition. It becomes, therefore, self-evident that the struggle of the proletariat with the bourgeois will be of a violent revolutionary character.

We could show by scores of illustrations that all attempts in the past to reform this monstrous system by peaceable means, such as the ballot, have been futile, and all such efforts in the future must necessarily be so, for the following reasons:

The political institutions of our time are the agencies of the propertied class; their mission is the upholding of the privileges of their masters; any reform in your own behalf would curtail these privileges. To this they will not and cannot consent, for it would be suicidal to themselves.

That they will not resign their privileges voluntarily we know; that they will not make any concessions to us we likewise know. Since we must then rely upon the kindness of our master for whatever redress we have, and knowing that from them no good may be expected, there remains but one recourse—force! Our forefathers have not only told us that against despots force is justifiable, because it is the only means, but they themselves have set the immemorial example.

By force our ancestors liberated themselves from political oppression, by force their children will have to liberate themselves from economic bondage. "It is, therefore, your right, it is your duty," says Jefferson, "to arm!"

What we would achieve is, therefore, plainly and simply:

First—Destruction of the existing class rule by all means—i. e., by energetic, relentless, revolutionary, and international action.

Second—Establishment of a free society based upon co-operative organization of production.

Third—Free exchange of equivalent products by and between the productive organizations without commerce and profit-mongery.

Fourth—Organization of education on a secular, scientific, and equal basis for both sexes.

Fifth—Equal rights for all, without distinction to sex or race.

Sixth—Regulation of all public affairs by free contracts between the autonomous (independent) Communes and associations, resting on a federalistic basis.

Whoever agrees with this idea let him grasp our outstretched brotherhands!

Proletarians from all countries, unite!

Fellow-workmen, all we need for the achievement of this great end is organization and unity.

The day has come for solidarity! Join our ranks! Let the drum beat defiantly the roll of battle: "Workmen of all countries, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have the world to win!"

Issued by the Pittsburg Congress of the International Working Peoples' Association, on October 16, 1883.

CORRESPONDENCE

A HEART TO HEART TALK.

Betty and Join go to a lecture. Doctor Rosin speaks for about two hours, telling the people how to gain everlasting peace and happiness. He speaks of the woman's and the mother's rights, the disregard of fathers, husbands and sons especially. After the lecture Mrs. Goody asks the doctor why Mrs. Stockholm and Mr. Harmon are being persecuted. She has heard that their teachings are immoral. "What are these teachings?"

The doctor does not seem to know very much about it. Betty comes to his assistance. "Mrs. Goody, I can tell you. They are trying to teach the people how to plant and grow children." "Oh! Horrors!" "Yes, is it not terrible, to think a man ought to pay as much attention to a human mother as he does to an animal mother?"

"Preposterous!"

"To be sure. God will plant and raise the children of humanity. That gives the old people more time to raise hell and damnation. When you plant trees, shrubs, flowers or vegetables, you must study scientific books to learn nature's methods and work accordingly. You must know how to regulate the air, the sunshine and the water, how to arrange the soil or food for different plants and how to select and prepare the seeds. When you raise cows, horses, sheep, pigs and geese, you get all the scientific books you can, and learn how to get a more useful animal. You treat the animal mother with great consideration and kindness because science teaches you that kindness begets kindness. A well fed, well treated and well raised cow is more useful. The milk is better and the meat sweeter.

"Go to the man who raises fine horses, and you find a library full of scientific books on the so-called sex question. Then go to the man who raises a number of boys and girls and if you find a decent book about the care of a mother and the raising of a child, I wish you would show it to me. That would be immoral, you know. We must send a white haired man like Mr. Harmon, over 70 years old, to prison for one year or more at hard labor for teaching the people to study nature's methods for children as well as for cows, horses and hogs.

"Thousands of good Christians go to church every Sunday praying to their God for justice, while they allow such a heinous act to be perpetrated. This sin will come back to us and awaken us from our saintly slumber when we least expect it. Luke 12:56 will tell you what we are. Luke 11:44, Matthew 12:34 also."

Mrs. Goody promises to look for these passages. She likes to find out what they tell.

"What do you think about Mrs. Hollister?"

"The man who murdered her is a product of our system and maybe of a woman who is a slave to a man, not a companion. If the truth were known, we would find that there had been seeds sown in ignorance, which is sin, degradation and corruption."

"They are very nice, respectable and respected people."

"That is just the reason we must look for the cause in a sensible way. There was no lack of food, shelter or clothing; no lack of education, and no lack of a good example. We know, the best of men are inhuman to their wives. They still feel that a wife is a man's property, like a dog, and even worse. Dogs would not submit to such treatment as wives often do. They would bite. Read Job 4:8. To point out these causes in the animal kingdom is science to do the same in the human kingdom is immorality, wickedness and devilishness. Save us from our ignorance!"

"How could the doctors make a living if all people were well born, well raised and, as you say, intelligently planted?"

"Mrs. Goody, if the doctors could try to starve and freeze awhile and be their own patients, perhaps they would learn to be useful in helping to bring about conditions where doctors could teach the people how to be well born, how to prepare proper food for different individuals and how to take care of the body that shelters the soul. If the soul is so valuable it ought to have a nice temple (body) to dwell in. Do you think Marshall Field will get an extra reward from God for leaving eight million dollars to build a beautiful home for stones, shells, old broken pots, swords and guns, while thousands of God's children are hungry, naked, homeless and sick? It would be immoral to build nice homes for people. How wise we are! It would be immoral to pay doctors and chemists to help clean up disease-infected districts, to detect and condemn poisoned foods and put people out of business who produce boisoned foods. It is wise to build fine buildings for old rubbish and pebbles; to pay high salaries to guardians, scientists and artists for the sake of these things, and to spend millions to keep these buildings clean and warm. The birds we send out will all come home to roost when we least expect it. Diseases are allowed to germinate and spread in the slums. There, the poor live, who have been driven out into the wilderness by the unfaithful stewarts. These things are none of our business you say! We might use and apply our scientific knowledge and extinguish all diseases."

"We consider it wiser to allow them to spread, till they reach the temples of our known gods, whom we ignorantly worship. Those who think they are great, because they are kept in idleness and luxury. We never wake up to protect ourselves or even our children. Only when our worshipful *great* are in danger, we wake up a little while and try to protect them; with our lives if need be.

"Our ideas are so entangled, and twisted, that a God would have a hard time to keep his own mind straight and clear, if he tried to straighten ours."

"Let us go home now!"

FABIUS SILVAIN.

TO WAGE WORKERS.

At a mass meeting at Apollo Hall Sunday afternoon, March 4th, when more than 3,000 workingmen and workingwomen were in attendance, with A. S. Edwards, chairman, and with the following speakers: Mrs. Lillian Foberg, Morris Ziskind, Martin Drescher, Wm. E. Trautman, Oscar Neely, A. M. Simons. With forcible speeches, interrupted by vociferous applause from the audience, they exposed the conspiracy of the *"Mine Owners Associations and Standard Oil interests,* to crush out of existence the Western Federation of Miners, by imprisoning Moyer, Haywood and their comrades. The following resolution was adopted:

As *Workingmen and Workingwomen of Chicago* in mass meeting assembled, we denounce the murderous conspiracy of the *Mine Owner's Association* against our brothers of the Western Federation of Miners.

We see in this plot but one step in an attempt to crush all revolutionary organizations of the working class. We call upon the laborers throughout this country to rise up in protest with all the forces at their command and to prevent the murder of these, our brothers.

In their support and in support of the cause of the revolutionary movement, we pledge our moral and financial aid at once, and every other means of assistance within our power, that may be required, to prevent the carrying out of this murderous plot.

Collections and donations for a defense fund was made with the sum of $203.05.

Now the question is this, are we going to stop here? Are we going to witness a second Eleventh November tragedy? Are we going to collect funds and pass resolutions or listen to fine speeches and some of the speakers in their fancy will tell us that what we need is to solve the political problem and the econ-ical problem will be solved anyhow, or shall we go to the ballot box and vote for the Social Democratic ticket? This will save our brothers from the gallows. No! The capitalistic class will not be scared by the votes of the working class. Voters are not fighters and the capitalistic class knows it. In November, 1887, our comrades were killed by the American government for no other reason than this, that they were true to the interests of their class, because they fought for the liberation of the oppressed; because they were Anarchists and they thought they would hang *Anarchy.*

Moyer, Haywood and their associates are being railroaded to the gallows for no other reason than the above named, i. e., they were true to the interests of their class, because of their leadership of a revolutionary movement which is antagonistic to the interests of the capitalistic class and they are trying to put them out of the way. By hanging Moyer, Haywood and their comrades they think to wipe out the Western Federation of Miners, which is the most revolutionary movement in this country.

Now in order to save our brothers from the gallows it requires action; it is necessary that we shall do some effective work; it requires that we shall say, that we will no longer go to the capitalistic scab ballot boxes which is only a concession given by them. It requires direct action. As our French brothers in their convention at Burges two years ago decided to reach the old popular demand—the eight hour work day—on May 1st, 1906. This kind of ballot box, which would certainly prove effective, that the working class shall vote in their unions, that they will not tolerate a second Eleventh November tragedy, that through the final weapon—the general strike—they will save to the capitalistic class.

HANDS OFF!

JEAN SPIELMAN.

TRIP EAST.

TO COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—

It is my intention to go East on an agitation trip in a week or two. I will deliver lectures upon the following subjects:

"Curse of Child Labor."

"The Commune."

"Anarchism Defined."

"The Industrial Workers of the World; their aims and object."

Comrades will please arrange meetings and communicate with me as soon as possible.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

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